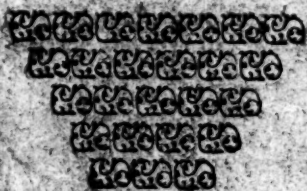


COLLECTION
OF
POEMS, &c.

FOR and AGAINST

Dr. Sacheverell.

The Fourth PART.



L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year M DEC XL.

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A
COLLECTION
O F
P O E M S, &c.

A Caution to the Whigs.

COULD you at last a Commonwealth obtain,
Vain restless Whigs, what could you hope to
(gain?)

By dear Experience you would quickly see
Your own Destruction in the Monarchy;
For should your Crimes and ours so far succeed,
That Britain under lawless Pow'rs should bleed,
You'd quickly find (believe it) to your Cost,
That all your long rebellious Toil was lost;
Each Faction ev'ry Faction would suspect,
And ev'ry Sect fall out with every Sect;
The Gown and Sword would impious Merit boast,
Who first betray'd their Prince, and who the most;
Commons with Lords would cursedly contend,
Who to the Cause had been the greatest Friend;
Your canting Priests, whom you had mounted high,
Would preach you damn'd, and your vile Pow'r defy;
Your meanest Tools, blown up with factious Pride,
Would on your servile Necks insulting ride;

The Mob, tho' once your Creatures, would grow
(rude,

And on your vile Prerogative intrude;
Your Patrons would their wicked Trust betray,
Or else set up for arbitrary Sway,
Or leave you to your selves, to be each other's Prey;
Ruins and Tumults would this Isle engage,
Till halting Vengeance overtook the Age,
And your wild Factions, weary'd into Rest,
Reclin'd you on your rightful Monarch's Breast.

A Poem to the Earl of Godolphin.

By Dr. G——h.

WHilst weeping *Europe* bends beneath her Ills,
And where the Sword destroys not, Famine
(kills,

Our Isle enjoys, by your successful Care,
The Pomp of Peace amidst the Woes of War:
So much the Publick to your Prudence owes,
You think no Labour long for our Repose;
Such Conduct, such Integrity is shown,
There are no Coffers empty, but your own.

From mean Dependance, Merit you retrieve,
Unask'd, you offer, and unseen you give:
Your Favour, like the *Nile*, Increase bestows,
And yet conceals the Source from whence it flows.
No Pomp, or grand Appearance you approve;
A People at their Ease is what you love:
To lessen Taxes, and a Nation save,
Are all the Grants your Services would have.
Thus far the State-Machine wants no Repair,
But moves in matchless Order by your Care;
Free from Confusion, settl'd and serene;
And like the Universe, by Springs unseen;

But

But now some Star, sinister to our Pray'rs,
 contrives new Schemes, and calls you from Affairs,
 No Anguish in your Looks, or Cares appear,
 But how to teach th' unpractis'd Crew to steer.
 Thus, like a Victim, no Constraint you need,
 To expiate their Offence by whom you bleed.
 Ingratitude's a Weed of ev'ry Clime;
 It thrives too fast at first, but fades in Time.
 The God of Day, and your own Lot's the same;
 The Vapours you have rais'd, obscure your Flame;
 But tho' you suffer, and a while retreat,
 Your Globe of Light looks larger as you set.

On the Oxfordshire Election.

WE are told by the Town, that a Man of great
 (Note,
 For the Sake of Lawn-Sleeves, is turning his Coat;
 Yet, in his Excuse, my dear Friends, I must grant ye
 There are twenty good Reasons in a *Sede Vacante*,
 And *Erisol's* a Mitre may be put to his Mind,
 Where the *Tub* and *Cathedral* so lately were join'd.

Tho' his old solid Grace was preferr'd cross the
 (Water,
 For nicking the Tide, and well trimming the Matter;
 Yet does it not follow the Church of *St. Martin*.
 Makes her *Rectors* all *Prelates* for being uncertain;
 But now of late Days, the high Road to Promotion,
 Is, to pay our *Great Duke*, not the *Church* your Devo-
 (tion.

Henceforth *Alma Mater* must submit to the City,
 Let her *Doctors* grow dull, and her *Aldermen* witty;
 Let the *Scarlet* and *Gown* yield to *Cloak* and *white*
 (Border,
 Since your learned *Vice-Chancellor* joins *Non-Con* the
Recorder; With

With *Dissenters* he votes for a low Legislature,
And your Print of *Geneva* has *Guile's Imprimatur*.

But if his grand Patron, and bounteous Requisite
Should forget to reward his good Friend with

And wipe out old Scores with Words sweeter than
(Mitre)

As he did the past Service for the Son of a *Volpone*
(Honey)

Why then we may say our defeated Projector
Has paid for the Lord, and is still but a Rector.

Give me the poor *Vicar*, in the Country residing
That saddles his Nag, and ne'er spares for his riding
For the worthy *Church-Member* heads in a strong

Religion's his Guide, and the *Cause* makes him hearty
The Great Ones at Court, by Terror can't sway him
And the Hopes of Lawn-Sleeves will never betray
(Party)

Hereafter in Stories it will look very odly,
That our *Oxford Vicegerent* should run in with
(Hoadly)

The *Whigs* must all think the Church under Hatches,
When the Court nicks his Conscience, as *Tompion*
(our Watches)

Not Weather-Cock K.—t such Turnings can show,
To bail *High-Church* one Day, and vote next for
(the Low)

On the voting a Reward to be given, Ben Hoadly.

BEN Hoadly, *Julian Johnson*, *Titus Oates*,
Have had the Commons recommending Votes.
O! happy Ben, who would not envy thee
To be a Member of such Company?

Then

en pray for poor *Sacheverell*, for he,
 who could have thought it, hath preferred thee?
 He gravely on, brave *Ben*, for this we say,
 That ev'ry D—g, like thee, hath had its Day.
 The Time may come, if *Britain's* Pray'rs are heard,
 That thou may'st be impeach'd, and he preferr'd.

The Age of Wonders.

To the Tune of *Chivy Chace.*

THE Year of Wonders is arriv'd,
 The Devil has learnt to dance;
 The Church from Danger just retriev'd,
 By Help brought in from *France*.

Nature's run mad, and mad Men rule,
 The World's turn'd upside down;
 A tumult puts in to keep the Peace,
 And Popery the Crown.

All the Ages of the World,
 Such Wonders ne'er were seen;
 Devils cry out for th' *English* C——h,
 And Rabbles for the ——.

The Pulpit thunders Death and War,
 To heal the bleeding Nation;
 And sends Dissenters to the Dev'l,
 To keep the Toleration.

The High-Church Clergy, mounted high,
 Like Sons of *Jeſu* drive,
 And over true Religion ride,
 To keep the Church alive,

The

The Furiſo's of the Church,
Come foremoſt, like the Wind;
And Moderation, out of Breath,
Comes trotting on behind.

The Realm from Danger to ſecure,
To foreign Aid we cry;
With Papilts and Nonjurors join,
To keep out Popery.

King *William* on our Knees we curſe,
And damn the Revolution;
And to preſerve the Nation's Peace,
We ſtudy its Confuſion.

With treach'rous Heart and double Tongue,
Both Parties we adhere to;
Pray for the Side we ſwear againſt,
And curſe the Side we ſwear to.

To Heav'n we for our Sov'reign pray,
And take the Abjuration;
But take it *Hocus Pocus* Way,
With juggling Reſervation.

Sachev'rell like, with double Face,
We pray for our Defender;
To good Queen *Anne* make vile Grimace,
But drink to the Pretender.

With Preſbyterians we unite,
And Proteſtant Succeſſion;
But if the Devil came for both,
We'd give him free Poſſeſſion.

Our Scheme of Politicks is wiſe,
Good Lord! that you'd but read it;

T pulls *Marlbro'* down to beat the *French*,
And the Bank to keep our Credit;

Because our Tr——er was just,
And House of Commons hearty,
And neither would betray their Trust,
Or sell us to a Party.

Our Bus'ness is, that neither may
Their Places long abide in,
But get some chosen in their Room,
As no Man can confide in.

Who shall deserve your mighty Praise
For Fund, and eke for Loan,
And may the Nation's Credit raise,
But never can their own?

Because declaring Rights to reign,
Our Parliaments have part in,
We'll have the Q—— that Claim disown,
For one that's more uncertain.

The Restoration to make plain,
That *Perkin* mayn't miscarry,
We've wisely wheedl'd up the Q——
To Right Hereditary.

The Dignity of Parliaments,
The stronger to imprint in's,
We hug the Priest who they condemn,
And ridicule their Sentence.

In order to discourage Mobs,
And keep the People quiet,
The Rabblers we condemn for Form,
But not a Rogue shall die yet.

B

The

The Duke of *Marlbro'* to requite
For retrieving *English* Honour,
His D——s shall have all the Spite
That Fools can put upon her.

For Battels fought, and Towns reduc'd,
And Popish Armies broken,
And that our *English* Gratitude
May t' future Times be spoken;

While fighting for the Nation, he
Looks Danger in the Face,
We strive to insult his Family,
And load him with Disgrace.

Because he's crown'd with Victory,
And all good People love him,
We hate the Man for the Success,
And therefore will remove him.

On the Cross upon the Cupula.

OF all the Idols of Renown,
That guide this superstitious Town,
There's none, for all it stands so high,
Shares less of our Idolatry,
Than good St. — new gilded Cross,
On Ecclesiastick Pigeon-House.

The Cross is very fair and good,
Tho' not of consecrated Wood;
But, like its Pedestal of Sin,
'Tis Gold without, and Brass within.

It stands erect in Regions high,
Like hieroglyphick Deity;
Is fair in Form, all gilt and gay,
And they that will adore it, may.

But oh! ye Protestants of Fame,
 Reform'd in little more than Name;
 Of all Men living, you should be
 The last in this Church-Pageantry,
 That Image-Worship damn'd, and say,
 To God alone Men ought to pray;
 Why have ye plac'd the Cross so high,
 To recognize Idolatry?

If you would have it understood
 Our Saviour dy'd on Cross of Wood,
 To us as equal it appears,
 That Men should worship Nails and Spears.

Or if you set it, as 'twas us'd,
 Howe'er that Use has been abus'd,
 The Author says, and thinks no ill,
 A Gallows would have done as well:
 They're Engines of the Law alike,
 With Terror, not with Rev'rence strike;
 And our Lord's Death, howe'er 'twas priz'd,
 Has not the Figure canoniz'd.

Some think it stands exalted there,
 To chace the Princes of the Air,
 Since 'tis a Rule in Popery,
 That Devils will from Crosses fly:
 But some say Satan's Region's higher,
 And 'twould be better in the Choir,
 Where Allegorick Dev'ls resort,
 Of ev'ry Sex, and ev'ry Sort;
 Where Men by Tune and Measure pray,
 And banter Heaven Bagpipe Way:
 Religion set to Tune and Song,
 From Side to Side they hand along;
 While Singing-Boy the Close rehearset,
 And capes Doxologies like Verses.

The Actors change their Robes of White,
 And serve the Theatres at Night;
 Mock God at proper Time of Day,
 And then adjourn to th' other Play;

With double, vile, promiscuous Tongue,
Here Anthems sing, there bawdy Song.

Thus to the Scripture they're uncivil,
For they can serve both God and Devil;
And yet those Medleys gratify
The Drones that dignify'd sit by,
With Popish Vestments, Hood, and Cope;
No Wonder we've the Cross at Top.

Was good St. Paul to rise again,
To hear the Noise, and see the Men,
He'd take 'em all for *Lystrians* here,
And think 'em Priests of *Jupiter*;
He'd rent his Cloak, repeat his Cries, * *Acts* 4. 13,
And bid 'em * *leave their Vanities*; 14, 15,
He'd teach the Priests, if they could bear it,
To preach the Cross, but not adore it.

But since the Cross is now erected,
Let's see by whom it is respected.
The Papists enter their Protest,
Say 'tis a dull unmeaning Jest;
For if you reverence the Cross,
Say they, you're then come back to us;
If 'tis to banter and expose,
You're hamper'd in a double Noose;
For, as we wish, the Trophy's rais'd,
Your Jest is lost, and we are pleas'd.

The foreign Protestants speak rough,
And say you're not reform'd enough;
That Crosses, Surplices, and Choirs,
Bows to the Altar, Musick-Prayers,
And all your Minister Pageantry,
Are Fragments of Idolatry,
The foul Remains of modern *Rome*,
That plainly shows from whence you come,
With this unlucky Difference,
That we've the Crime, they the Pretence;
They have the Idol, we the Paint;
We have the Shrine, and they the Saint;

That

That 'tis a senseless empty Jest
 To hug the Form, and damn the Priest ;
 To pull down the Idol Imag'ry,
 And yet retain th' Idolatry ;
 And that the Men of Robes divine,
 Set up the Cross but for a Sign,
 To let th' enquiring People know
 What Tradesmen open Shops below.

The Song below, and Cross on high,
 Is all but petty Popery ;
 You reverence, and they adore,
 And you're but where you were before ;
 In which the Difference is so small,
 'Tis much you e'er fell out at all.

Some Men of Charity, that use
 All Sorts of Actions to excuse,
 Come in with this most wise Pretence,
 That 'twas not done to give Offence ;
 But that Sir Kit, without Design,
 Merely to make the Fabrick fine,
 Set up the Cross, like *Gabriel John*,
 Concern'd alike with Turf or Stone ;
 Tho' 'twas indeed unhappy Luck,
 To make the Cross a Weather-Cock ;
 For which, according to the Letter,
 A Wind-mill would have suited better.

Sir *Ch*——er, who ne'er was known
 To have much Meaning of his own,
 In great Distress for some Pretence,
 Join'd heartily in this Defence ;
 By all the Stones and Mortar swore,
 He'd ne'er set Cross a Tip-toe more ;
 That if the Cross had any Charm in't,
 He vow'd and swore he meant no Harm in't.

All Men admitted his Excuse,
 And clear'd him of design'd Abuse ;
 How could they this ill Meaning call
 In him, who never mean't at all ?

*The Dissenters Triumph: Or, the Rebuilding
and Furnishing Dr. Burgess's Meeting-House*

To the Tune of, The Scotch Wedding.

DEAR Sisters, come see you how fine
The Doctor's new Meeting is grown,
The delicate Ornaments shine

Far more bright than ever was known.

*Then let us flock all to the Meeting,
Where Burgess himself will declare,
A sanctify'd Tale of old Hughson,
With a canting old Oliver's Prayer,*

You will see it's fairly rebuilt,
The like it was never before,
The Saints have contributed guilt,
'Tis finer than Babel's Whore.

Then let us, &c.

We have bought a Committee-man's Chair,

'Twill serve the old Burgess to sit in,
And if he should befoul it through fear,
We'll wash it, and that is but fitting.

Then let us, &c.

An old Pair of Bellows we've bought,

The Leather was Oliver's Lungs,
They were from the Rum Parliament brought,
With a Pair of phanatical Tongs.

Then let us, &c.

We've bought him a large Pair of Stools,

One three corner'd, t'other scarce round,
Between them two, as it is said,

The Rump had a Fall to the Ground,

Then let us, &c.

We have bought him a delicate Table,
 The Leaf it is good Heart of Oak,
 The Legs are of tottering Babel,
 With a Carpit cut out of his Cloak.
Then let us, &c.

A large Broom of old Reformation,
 To sweep this new Meeting-House Floor,
 It has dragg'd much Wealth from the Nation,
 And still it is coveting more.
Then let us, &c.

We have bought him a Lanthorn likewise,
 Which is to the Meeting-House brought,
 By which you may find, without Lies,
 Strange Matters that never was thought.
Then let us, &c.

And there's an old Leather Saddle,
 Which usualy carry'd the Nation,
 With an old canting Presbyterian Bridle,
 And a Budget of Dissimulation.
Then let us, &c.

And there is the Rump's old Britches,
 Which *Hughson* and *Bradshaw* bespoke,
 Altho' they be crack'd in the Stitches,
 They're lin'd with old *Oliver's* Cloak.
Then let us, &c.

A comical Pulpit is made,
 Old *Burgefs* won't preach in a Tub,
 With Cant it is well over-laid,
 And a Desk for his Bottles of Bub.
Then let us, &c.

There's the Pictures of Bodkins and Whistles,
 Which the Wenches brought in for the Cause.

Next *Hughson* with Pinchers and Bristles,
And his Acts of undoubted Applause,
Then let us, &c.

Our Pews are like Coblers Stalls,
As plain as the Nose in your Face,
Excepting a few of old Awls
Of *Hughson* to give them a Grace.
Then let us, &c.

There's a Sconfe which is made of new Brass,
Where *Burges* may see his own Face,
The which for that Metal might pass,
Should Rebellion and Mischief take Place:
Then let us, &c.

Next Sunday you'll certainly have
The Doctor there hot and devout ;
You'll find like a Fury he'll rave,
And bang the old Cushion about.
Then let us, &c.

Sweet Sisters, without all Dispute,
His Cushion he'll bitterly thump,
And chuse you a Text that may suit
With Anarchy and the old Rump.
Then let us flock all to the Meeting,
Where Burges himself will declare,
A sanctify'd Tale of old Hughson,
With a canting old Oliver's Prayer.

*A humorous Ditty to Dr. Sacheverell's
Friends.*

A Bayliff, and a Boat-Man,
With a Badge upon his Coat, Man,

Whi

Which he had row'd with far, Sir,
As any a jolly Tar, Sir,

That ply'd at Whitehall-Stairs,
Had once a Disputation,
In settling of the Nation,
And made a mighty Do, Sir,
In knowing how was who, Sir,
And talking of Affairs.

The Bayliff swore sincerely,
He lov'd the Church most dearly ;

And t'other did excel, Sir,

For fam'd *Sasbeverell*, Sir,

Which introduc'd the Strife.

At which, the rough Tarpawling

Huzza'd, and made a Hollowing,

By crying, you're a Whig, Sir,

Altho' you talk so big, Sir,

And dare not wage your Life.

When *Dons* and *Dons* was spoken,

A sure and certain Token

That they were both agreed, Sir,

To do some mighty Deed, Sir,

For the good Doctor's Sake;

And forward they proceeded,

With Mutineers each headed,

Encouraging the Mob, Sir,

To pull down, burn, and rob, Sir,

And Houses open break:

Both hop'd, by this Behaviour,

To gain the Doctor's Favour;

But they his Words mistook, Sir,

And reckon'd without Book, Sir,

Which laid down other Rules:

For Texts of Non-Resistance

Would give 'em no Assistance,

And both strong Prisons got, Sir,

When taken on the Spot, Sir,

And thither went like *Fools*.

On our luke-warm Christians.

ST. Paul, Be zealous in good Matters, saith:
 This shews *Low-Church-men* have but little Faith:
 They won't believe, e'en tho' St. Paul has said it:
Scripture it self with them can gain no Credit;
 Else they'd forsake that vile *Fanatick Party*,
 And in the *Church's* Cause prove true and hearty.

The brave English-man: Or, The Visitation.
 Aug. 19. 1710. N. S.

By Mr. Adams:

BY *Ebro's* Streams the *British* General fate,
 Revolving all th' Affairs of War and State,
 When lo! a wond'rous *Phantom*, clad in White,
 Surpriz'd, but cheer'd him, with its awful Sight
Stanhope, 'it's I, it's William, be't afraid.
 Thou'rt Anna's Darling, saith the Royal Shade.
 Hers and our Country's Wrongs thou must repay
 To Morrow: O! how they'll envy thee that Day!
 But Fate hath order'd, that thy gallant Sword
 Shall rescue Spain; *Almanza* be the Word.
 Farewel. A lambent Flame shot thro' the Tent;
 He smil'd, and look'd him Blessings as he went.
Stanhope next Morn (himself the War alone)
 Push'd the Pretender from the *Austrian* Throne.
 The *Bourbon* Prince, like all his mighty Sires,
 From Battels lost, in Order good retires.
 Briton, go on, thy Glories to advance;
 Spare free-born Souls, send all the Slaves to France.
 Awake, y' ungrateful World, and all your Voices join
 To celebrate th' *Ebro*, *Danube*, and th' immortal Rhine.

Long may'st thou live, Great Anne, ador'd by all,
 Triumphant in thy many Wars Abroad;
 Till vanquish'd Kings shall at thy Footstool fall,
 And humbly sue for Peace with one Accord.

Accrostick.

W HIG's the first Word that swells his odious
 (Name)
 Hypocrisy's the second, good Mens Shame;
 Anarchy is the third, his chiefest Aim;
 Rebellion is the fourth, and restless Faction;
 The Life, in the fifth Place, of ev'ry Action;
 Old Noll's the sixth, by whose Example taught,
 No Man has more of Mischief lately wrought.

The Loyalist's Litany: Or, A Touch of the Times.

FROM all such as rail at our Church's Defender,
 And oppose her, because of the feminine Gender,
 Or from such who are for bringing in the Pretender,
Libera nos.

From such who'd rejoyce were the Nation dis-
 jointed
 By Republican Schemes, who hate God's Anointed,
 And can't endure her whom to rule he's appointed,
Libera nos.

From such as would fain pluck her out of the
 (Throne,
 That they may put in Kings and Queens of their
 (own,
 Would first take off her Head, and then stamp on
 her Crown,
Libera nos.

From

From B——ps who 'gainst Church will vote,
And with the Times will change their Note,
Than for Lawn, fitter for a Coat,

From B——ps who can roast a Priest,
Who out-does them, and stands the Test
Of what his Conscience tells him's best,

From such who can whine, and cant, and pray,
Tho' they damn Souls the shortest Way,
And will the Nation's Rights betray,

From such as from Pulpit will tell you, that Kings
At best are but gaudy and trifling Things,
If the Doctrine they preach, any Grief to Millbrings,

From such too who think it to be very hard,
That they are not to Places of Honour prefer'd,
By her whom they've jeer'd, and so often have flurr'd,

From French Refugees, who breed Mischief and
(Strife,
And would gladly with Pistol, or Poyson, or Knife,
Take away a far rite Privy Counsellor's Life,

From such as invited the Palatine over,
To themselves some Advantage and Gain to secure,
Tho' they wotled in so doing the English Poor,

From him who to keep up the Port of his Station,
So he can but enrich, Sir, a far rite Relation,
Don't care a F—t how 'tis he beggars the Nation,

From a cow'rdly M——r, who to save his own
(Bacon,
Let's Dr. Sachev'rell into Limbo be taken,
While he and his Cause are most vilely forsaken,

From

From such as can tell our good Queen, Heaven's
 (bless her,
 If the M——ry's chang'd, her Credit grows lesser,
 And that they who're displeas'd, will strive to op-
 (prais her,
Libera nos.

*An Imitation of a Speech in the ingenious Mr.
 Trappe's Tragedy, call'd, Abramule: Or,
 Love and Empire, in Commendation of
 Pyrrhus.*

'Tis this the Man that's now the Object made
 Of Whigs detested Scorn and barb'rous Sport;
 Is he the Victim of their furious Rage,
 The poor mean Wretch they spit their Venom at?
 Not so he look'd, when with Applauses crown'd,
 He bravely stood up for his Master's Cause;
 Wisely display'd both Eloquence and Truth,
 And joy'd th' attentive num'rous Hearers Hearts.
 Not so he look'd, when void of Guilt or Fear,
 He shook, like Thunder, with tremendous Note
 The Souls of Trimmers and pretended Saints,
 And shew'd the Devils of false Brotherhood.
 Not so he look'd, when to the Senate call'd,
 He unconcern'd beheld their impious Rage;
 Saw in their Looks the Mischief they design'd
 'Gainst him, the Prey they greedily devour.

*To the Lady when Dr. Sacheverell shall make
 Choice of for a Wife.*

FAIR, lovely, courteous Dame, whee'er thou art,
 That to the Doctor shall resign thy Heart,
 Make

Make much of him, and boast thou'lt got a Prize,
 Let him be dear unto thee, as thy Eyes;
 Which, tho' with Beauty's Beams they shine so bright
 Come short of his great Soul's seraphick Light,
 As much as the faint Glimm'rings of the Moon,
 Do of the sparkling Rays of th' enliv'ning Sun:
 Love him, as he would have thee to be true;
 Love him, as thou expect'ft he should be so to you;
 Love him as long as both your Lives endure;
 Love him as he has lov'd the Church, you need not
 (love him more)

*The E. of G——n to Dr. G——h, upon the
 Loss of Miss Dingle: In Return to the Doctor's
 consolatory Verses to him, upon the Loss of his
 Rod.*

THOU who the Pangs of my embitter'd Rage
 Could'ft, with thy never-dying Verse, assuage
 Immortal Verse, secure to live as long
 As that curs'd Prose that did condemn thy Song
 Thou, happy Bard, whose double-gifted Pen,
 Alike can Cure an aking Corn or Spleen;
 Whose lucky Hand administers Repose,
 As well to breaking Heart, as broken Nose;
 Accept this Tribute; Think it all I had,
 In Recompence of thine, when I was sad.
 What, tho' it comes from an unpractic'd Muse,
 Bad at the best, grown worse by long Disuse;
 In Silence lost, since once I did complain
 Of *Wiv*—I's cold Neglect in humble Strain;
 Whence check'd by slavish Conscience, she deny'd
 To throw aside the Niece, and set the Bride:
 Yet sure I may be thought among the Throng,
 If not to sing, to whistle out a Song;

Then take the kind Remembrance of my Verse,
While *Dingle's* Loss with Sorrow I rehearse.

Dingle is lost, the hollow Caves rebound,
Dingle is lost, and multiply the Sound;
Till *Eccho* chaunting it by just Degree,
Shortens to *Dingle*, then softens it to *D*.

Dingle is lost; where's now the Parents Care,
The boasted Force of Piety and Pray'r?
No more shall she, within thy spacious Hall
Lead up the Dance, and animate the Ball:
Deserted thus, no more shalt thou engage,
Under thy Roof, to *Whartonians* the Age.

Train'd by thy Care, by thy Example led,
Early she learn'd to scorn the Nuptial Bed;
In vain by thy Advice enlarg'd her Mind,
And vow'd, like thee, to multiply her Kind:
For *Dingle* thou didst bless the neather Skies;
In hopes a mingl'd Race might once arise
To sooth thy hoary Age, and close thy dying
(Eyes.)

Learn, ye indulging Parents, learn from hence;
Think not Compliance e'er will influence.
The *fifth* Command alone you did enjoin,
And frankly gave her up the other nine:
Yet she, tho' that, and that alone was press'd,
Regardless of your Will, the *fifth* transgress'd.

But oh! my Friend, consider, tho' she's gone,
She left no *Coffers* empty, but her own.
Her Mind, that did direct the great Machine,
Mov'd, like the Universe, by Springs unseen;
And tho' from thy Instructions she retreats,
Her Globe of Light grows larger as she sets;
For nought could brighter make her Lustre shine,
Than to withdraw, and single it from thine.
Then think of this, and pardon when you see
Those Vertues you so late admir'd in me.

On the Worcestershire Election.

YOU loyal brave Boys, who for *Pearkes* make
 Pray lend an Ear to my Ditty;
 I don't at all doubt, but we'll bring it about,
 That brave *Ben* is the Man for the City.

Our Cause it is found, let's all stand our Ground,
 And fight for the Church and Queen *Ann*;
 We'll bring in our *Pearkes*, the true Son of the Church,
 For honest brave *Ben* is the Man.

The round-headed Crew have done all they can do,
 To ruin the Church and the Crown;
 But their Works are in vain, for the Queen shall sit
 And we'll bring the dissenting Knaves down.

Those Rogues are such Things, that they murder
 And would keep our good Queen at a Distance;
 But we'll have a *Pearkes* will give them such Jinks,
 As will bring them to New-Resistance.

O! what a sad Pity this remarkable City
 Should ever lose her Grandeur and;
 Which still upon Tryal was always found loyal,
 And never was known to rebel.

The Sectaries all, of Size great and small,
 In Herds they appear for their Flocks;
 Then why may not we honest Church-men agree
 To bait the Berrard of *Brodley*?

Amongst Whigs and Trimmers, and other fly Sinners
 The Son of old Prophet did bluster;

With

With a Head plump and round, and in Learning
(profound,
Come to aid the Election at *Wor'ster*.

We all know the Noddy, and likewise his Daddy,
Are Tokens the Lord did send us,
But we all pray with Speed, that from such a Breed,
He will in his Mercy defend us.

Here old Cravat appears, like a Cur without Years,
To aid and assist in the Cause,
Who swears by his Nob, that he knows how to rob
Both the Living and Dead by the Laws.

The starch Boucher of Note, with Arms to his Coat,
Young *Cromwell* by Name he is known:
This Prig, without Reason, was heard to speak
(Treason,
And deny the Queen's Right to the Crown.

He also maintains, that *Sacheverell's* Brains
Has blessed his Master for ever;
For which Reason he his Hang-man would be,
He swears by his Ax and his Clever.

The black Stallion comes next, with his Tool and
(his Text,
The noted Bull of the Town;
For a Slice of old Hat, or a Bit for his Cat,
He'll venter both Cassack and Gown.

The runt-riding Priest smells where the Whores piss,
And greedily watches their Water,
Till Year after Year their Bastards appear;
O! that is the Plague that comes a'ter!

This Dark-Lanthorn went, with arrogant Intent,
In Pretence to visit the Sick,

D

Where

Where a Tankard was lost, and he, to his Cost,
Was forc'd to acknowledge the Trick.

Now to bring up the Rear, fly Jo must appear,
The Informer so rank and unsav'ry;
Titus the second, a Rogue always reckon'd,
For Impudence mixt with his Knavery.

This (Oats) t'other Day, in a Fright run away,
And compounded to keep out of Limbo;
Now a Manager assign'd by a Man that's half blind,
And lords it with Arm on Kambo.

Let all the World think, whether he doth not stink,
That stary'd his poor Bastard at Nurse;
Whether *Hobbins*, or he, deserves best the Tree,
For he that doth that, will do worse.

So farewell false Crew, that never were true
To your Country, or your Defender;
'Tis your rare Gang, that are fit for to hang,
And fain would bring in the Pretender.

Then may the Rogues sink, whilst honest Men drink
A Health to our gracious Queen *Anne*;
May the Whigs be confounded, we'll down with the
(Round-head,
For loyal brave *Pearkes* is the Map.

Minutes of the House.

R Esolv'd, That *Henry Sachev'rell*, the High-
(Church Defender,
Is guilty of Treason, and loves the Pretender,
Because to the Queen Non-Resistance he teacheth,
And the damnable Sin of true Loyalty preacheth.
Resolv'd,

Resolv'd, That he the said *Henry* would inflame,
 (half the Nation,
 Who with so much Zeal does oppose Toleration,
 Because he won't let them conform, as 'tis fitting,
 Go to Church when they will, when they will to
 (the Meeting;
 With the Church then we'll make them equal Per-
 (takers,
 Even Deists and Jews, Presbyterians and Quakers.
 Order'd, That *John Dolben*, Esq; now *Jack Ketch*
 (shall be,
 That Fire and Faggot prepar'd we may see.
 We'll toast him still hotter, and not to stand idle,
 We'll first burn the Doctor, and then burn the B—le.

On the Policy of the Times,

W^HEN the Laws of Religion, and those of the
 (Nation,
 Are diff'rent in principal Points of Salvation;
 When you pray for the Monarch, and vote to resist,
 And, like loyal Subjects, obey as you list,
 Then of Revolution beware the Mishap,
 For *Ben* has the Mitre, and *Harry* the Cap.

To the guilty B——ps.

F^{OR} Shame, ye doating Fools, for Shame be wise;
 Shake off your Lethargy, and ope your Eyes.
 What, will you silent sit, and tamely see
 Hell's Engineers subvert your Prelacy?
 The Church's Danger though you would not own,
 Nor fear the second Part of Forty One,

Yet let your own Security prevail,
 Which loudly calls for timely Aid of all;
 For the same Power that pulls *Sacheu's* rell down,
 Will first your Mitre seize, and then the Crown.
 But why, alas! why do I speak to you?
 False to your God, and to your selves untrue.
 Go bravely, break your Sacerdotal Test,
 And all turn Chaplains to the Calve's-head Feast.
 See poor *Sacheu's* rell sacrific'd thro' Hate,
 The certain Harbinger of your own Fate;
 Like *Laud*, the dire Fore-runner he'd become,
 Had not your Sov'reign stopt th' intended Doom.

The Comparison.

AS when a Fly that goes to Bed,
 Does set his Arse above his Head;
 So in these mungrel Days of ours,
 The Lowest would be the supream Powers.

On the late Martyrs of the Church.

IN one sad Month two blessed Martyrs fell,
 Pious *Charles*, great *Laud*, who now with An
 (gels dwell
 Curs'd be the Race that brought them to the Block
 And the vile Hands that gave the fatal Stroke.
 Villains, remember how your factious Race
 Were truly scourg'd by a true Son of Grace.
 Heav'n's preserve him here; and when he dies,
 May a like Phoenix from his Dust arise:
 May the bold Truths, with which he warm'd So
 (Paul's
 Live, and be lasting as her sacred Walls.

Moderation Unmask'd.

E'ER Noll did 'gainst his pious Prince rebel,
 And drew his Sword in the Defence of Hell;
 When Man's chief Aim was to be great and good
 By *Moderation*, then was understood,
 In all Conditions still to be content
 With whatsoever Providence has sent,
 And not o'er much to grieve, pine, or lament :
 To use a Medium in our Drink and Meat,
 Not swill like Swine, nor yet like Gluttons eat :
 To wear Apparel suiting to their State,
 In which they're plac'd by the Hand of Fate;
 Not striving the more wealthy to out-shine,
 Or, like the Great, splendid to go, and fine ;
 But to be dress'd as does become their Trade,
 Cloths not to their Fancy, but their Pockets made.
 This was the *Moderation* us'd of old,
 When Vertue more esteemed was than Gold.

But modern Preachers other Things do teach,
 And a new-fangl'd *Moderation* preach.

Tho' you curse, swear, talk lewdly and profane,
 Drink 'till you're drunk, eat 'till't return again,
 Still you may be a downright mod'rate Man.

By *Moderation* they say's understood
 To be mod'rately honest, mod'rately good.

You should not be so honest and so just,
 As to be always faithful to your Trust;
 Nor let your Zeal your *Int'rest* e'er betray,
 But let your *Profit* still your Conscience sway.

Be sure to please the Company you're in;
 If Rakes, commend each luscious taking Sin:

But if to Piety inclin'd they are,
 Put on a sober and a modest Air:

Be *Jew*, be *Turk*, be *Infidel*, or *Papist*,
 Be witty *Deist*, or a thoughtless *Atheist*;

Be

Be any Thing, and turn to any Side,
Move with the Wind, ne'er strive against the Tide
Always take Care with Rakes to roar and rant,
And with grave Puritans to whine and cant.

But if you're with a mixed Company
To pass your Judgment any Way, deny;
Yet, if at last they will not be content,
'Till you on their Discourse give your Judgment,
Tell one his Opinion's good, t'other argues well;
Thus praise both, but the Faults of neither tell.

This is the Way to cause all Feuds to cease,
And through the Nation spread a gen'ral Peace:
None e'er contradict, tho' they deny
The Truth, but in ev'ry Thing comply.
This is the Doctrine that their Doctors teach;
This the Divinity their Canters preach:
And could they gain their Ends, we soon should see
In Church and State nothing but Anarchy.

Loose would Religion sit, like upper Coat,
To keep or change, to please a major Vote.
To Day we should be *Jews*, to Morrow *Atheists*,
Next Day *Mahometans*, and next Day *Papists*.

Thus we at last should each Opinion try,
And, like some modern B——s, should deny
To Day, what Yesterday preach'd strenuously.

On the Doctor's Impeachment.

Impeach'd! Why pray, Sirs, what's the Doctor's
(Crime)
Because the Truth he spoke, was out of Time?
If so, you're right indeed, I'm forc'd to own;
'Twas past the Hour of Twelve before he'd done.
But that wa'n't it; for some People say,
You thought it fitter for another Day;

On

On that sad Day on which Great Charles did die,
 That meek good Prince, of pious Memory.
 Had he done so, you'd then have let it rest,
 Neither would you him for his Words molest;
 For most would then have been at Calve's-head
 (Feast.)

But this is nothing, it was out of Time,
 Because it stop't the Whigs in their Design;
 A great Design, designed for our Good,
 Which meant no Harm, if rightly understood.
 How could they mean no Harm, who say the Crown
 Disposed is by their own Pow'r alone?
 Can they be Ra——ls, who durst boldly say
 The People's Will the Prince must still obey?
 And sure no Harm they to the Church would do,
 For they impeach'd a Son was firm and true.
 What Britain then would strive for to prevent
 Men whose Minds are on such Actions bent.

The Time-server.

WITH a Phiz that is grave, and a sanctify'd
 (Face,
 He'll receive the Communion, in Hopes of a Place;
 He'll swear to the Queen to be trusty and loyal,
 But will give her the Slip, if it comes to the Tryal:
 He swears from the Church he never will range;
 Yet, Weather-Cock like, with the Wind he will
 (change;
 Be Dissenter to Morrow, tho' Church-man to Day,
 And, as it suits best, unswear and unsay.

But ask him his Reason why his Faith he'll thus
 (vary,
 Or not rather on this Side, or else on that tarry,
 He'll presently answer he loves *Moderation*,
 That blest'd noble Vertue so lately in *Fashion*.

What

What, I'll warrant, says he, you're one that
 Or be hang'd for Religion, before you would turn
 Like the Martyrs of old, those hot-headed People,
 Who were constant and true to the Church and
 (the Steeple
 That rather than turn, they'd stand fiery Tryal,
 And Tortures and Torments would laugh and d
 (by all
 But the Learn'd in this Age far wiser are grown
 Who, for Int'rest Sake, will any Church own
 To Day they'll preach that will pleasure the Time
 And to Morrow that Doctrine they'll tell you's
 (Crim
 Thus Fire, Rope, and Wreck, they prudently shun
 And to save their own Bacon, about they will turn

*The French King's Lamentation for the Mis-
 carriage of Monsieur Guiscard.*

A S O N G.

W H E N Lewis the Great
 Had heard of the Fate
 Of Guiscard, his booted Apostle;
 Not Scarron's Delight,
 His Maintenance bright,
 Could allay in his Breast the fierce Buffle.

Sure Monarch, he cry'd,
 Was never so try'd,
 And his Schemes so well laid, all defeat'd
 For whatever I do,
 Still Fortune's my Foe,
 And like her cast Bully I'm treated.

What have I not done
 (For the Cause as my own)
 To restore my young Brother Pretender?
 Spar'd Labour nor Cost,
 But all have been lost,
 To impose on their Faith a Defender.

For these nine Years and more,
 It has been my chief Lore,
 To preach up their Church's great Danger,
 Both People and Priest
 Have been caught with the Jest,
 And I aim'd by dividing to change her.

My Troops of the Gown
 With some Hopes have gone on,
 But alas! all my Strength and my Cunning,
 Both by Land and by Sea,
 To my Sorrow must say,
 Have ended in Beating or Running.

And now, when the last
 Of my Schemes, and the best,
 Was ripe, and my Priest on his Mission,
 To have Plot and Knife broke,
 At the finishing Stroke,
 Is the worst that the Devil could wish one.

Ravillac the Bold,
 And Jaques Clement of old,
 Each their Catholick Daggers could settle
 In the Heart of a King;
 But my Tool must begin,
 Quite wrong, and with heretick Metal.

And now, as 'tis said,
 He in Pickle is laid,
 And Marlbro' again comes for Arras;

E

Should

Should it prove not a Lie,
In what a Pickle am I,
For he'll stop not a Mile short of *Paris*?

*The Husband-mens bumble Petition to both
Houses of Parliament.*

WE that farm your Honours Ground,
Tax'd at four Shillings by the Pound;
We that must pay the Corial Tax,
For Skins upon our Cattles Backs;
For Paper, Pepper, Hops, and Salt,
And the cur'd Rates on Beer and Malt:
We that by Night for Candles pay,
And for our Sun-shine in the Day;
We your Petitioners humbly shew,
How you may still raise Taxes new.
Tax ev'ry Soul that cheats the Nation,
Tho' Lord by Birth, or by Creation.
Tax ev'ry cheating Captain, pray,
That robs poor Soldiers of their Pay.
Tax C——l Cb——, he may spare
At least five hundred Pounds a Year;
Which he maintains by Slight of Hand,
By Musters false, and false Demand.
Tax Vict——ing Com——oners;
Peel 'em till they're not worth their Ears.
Hang all the damn'd contracting Crew,
(If guilty) hang up M——bers too.
Let D——on, R——ge, and Pl——er swing,
R——se, T——rst, B——t, and K——y grin.
Truss up the Ha——orn Br——rs all,
Those Villains, W——m and W——all;
Or, like *Rome's* Senate, find a Way
For those their Country dare betray,
To suffer Death more dreadful seen,
Than ever any yet has been:

Apply

Apply their Lands, and all Effects,
 To help discharge the Navy's Debts;
 Skin 'em alive, and tax their Hides;
 Feed Porkets with their brawny Sides;
 But first dicock them for their Tallow,
 'Twill tax in Candles, tho' but yellow:
 Let rav'nous Crows pluck out their Eyes,
 And Dogs their Bones anatomize;
 Whilst our august Assembly bless'd
 With noble Systems prepossess'd,
 How they may set their Country free
 From such *Tartarian Villany*;
 And how to strengthen, by a Clause,
 (Where needful) all our ancient Laws:
 How t' enact new, and to secure
 Our gracious Queen, and Country to her;
 And to preserve Religion free
 From Faction, and from Popery.

A new Toast to the Queen and the Earl of Oxford.

Here's a Health to the Queen, and her faithful
 (Adviser,
 Than whom none's more loyal, juster, or wiser.
 O! may *Anna* and *Oxford* their En'mies defeat;
 He always be glorious, he always be great;
 He the Church's Defender, and he her Support,
 To keep hypocritical Whigs from the Court.
 May the Mace and white Staff, and the Title he
 (bear,
 Add Strength to his Zeal, and give Courage to hers;
 Till those that disown her for *Britain's* Vicegerent,
 From a Right that's divine, and in Birth is inherent,
 Shall by his Means give Mace to the Voice of the
 (People,
 That will not the Royal Prerogative cripple.

To her'tis our Lives and our Fortunes are owing;
 To him that our Credit's reviving and growing;
 That Funds are establish'd by Parliament Sages,
 Without any Tax to pay Sea-men their Wages;
 That fifty new Churches arise from our Coal,
 And Provision is made for our Body and Soul.
 As the Queen and the Subject have neither their Peer
 She greater than * *Taylor*, he greater than † *Vere*.

* *Q. Elizabeth.* † *The Name of the late E. of Oxford.*

A Satyr on the Times, address'd to all the Parsons of the Good Old Cause.

WHat frantick Madnefs has possess'd Mankind
 And made their Judgment lame, and Reason
 (son blind

Who can be silent? What Man can refrain,
 And see such monstrous Contradictions reign?
 Alast that B—— should so basely vote
 Against those Doctrines they themselves have wrote
 That they the Church they should defend, deny,
 And prove themselves Low-Church-men, tho' (high

Thus they to Dangers great do her expose,
 By siding and contending for her Foes,
 When they the Church should succour and defend
 When dire Convulsions do her Bowels rend.
 'Twas this *Sacbeverell* prudently decry'd,
 And boldly preach'd up for the Church's Side;
 For when with Wars Abroad we are molested,
 And with false *Brethren* at Home infested,
 Against 'em both our Vigor we should show;
 Both are to Church and State an equal Foe.
 While one with hostile Arms their Forces join,
 The other secretly do undermine;

And Men of Title and Esteem in Court,
 By wicked Means, the wicked Cause support,
 So tho' they rebound to guard the State and Church,
 For their own Int'rest leave 'em in the Lurch.
 To what Extremities the Nation's run?
 Not much unlike the Days of Forty One,
 When with Contempt they trampled on the Laws,
 To farther and advance the Good Old Cause;
 When they the Church and Monarchy pull'd down,
 To raise the canting Cloak above the Crown;
 In the Lord's Name they mighty Wonders did,
 Which they would act again, but God forbid.
 Then let us of such Wolves in Time beware,
 Who in Sheeps Clothing sily do appear,
 Whoe'er they be, their Works will plainly show,
 As by the Fruit it bears, the Tree we know;
 Yet, Thanks to God, some honest Men remain,
 Who stedfast their Integrity remain;
 Some constant to the Church and State are found,
 While some Rebellion from the Pulpit sound.
 And now the happy Days begin to shine,
 No Doubt directed by a Hand divine;
 And now the Church, which militant has been,
 We hope will triumph with our gracious Queen.

The Nightingale's Speech.

ONCE on a Time, when Birds could speak, and
 had their Methods of Government like rational
 Creatures, an *Eagle* issu'd out her Orders (for
 they had no such Thing as the Salick Law among
 them) for every Species of the feather'd Race to
 chuse themselves new Representatives, (for the Ma-
 jority of the old ones had disobligh'd) and give
 their Attendance at a Convention of the States. Ac-
 cordingly they all met together, pursuant to her
 Will

Will and Pleasure; and as it was customary with them, as it is now with us, to chuse a Speaker they immediately proceeded to an Election, and with wonderful Unanimity and Dispatch, made Choice of the *Nightingale* for that important Office after the *Linnet* had recommended him to the Chair in a very pathetick and eloquent Harrangue, which set forth his extraordinary Qualifications, and his unwearied Diligence in the Service of his Queen and fellow Subjects. Upon which, the *Nightingale* after having excus'd himself to the Throne on Account of Deficiencies he was never guilty of, made the following Oration:

Gentlemen,

TO discharge the Trust you have repos'd in me with a Fidelity equal to the Confidence you have of my Services, I take the Liberty to propose these Particulars to your Consideration: 1. The Security of the National Worship that is establish'd by Law. 2. The Honour of our Sovereign. 3. The Interest and Advantage of the Kingdom. I presume you'll agree with me, that our establish'd Religion cannot be without Enemies, while there are so many Sects and Opinions indulg'd among us; and where there are such, then is the greatest Necessity of a timely Provision against them. Now, that former Laws are defective in this Point, by the Means of which, *Bats* and *Owls*, and other obscene Birds of Night, by an occasional Compliance for a Season, get into the chiefest Posts of Honour and Dignity, we have been sensible some Years since; and to redress such *hypocritical Evasions*, have for three Years successively endeavour'd at a Law, without Effect; the great Birds, who are our Superiors, the *Hawks*, *Vultures*, *Kites*, &c. having not thought fit to comply with our Intentions. But since Providence has now put it in our Hands to bring

ing about these desirable Purposes, in my Opini-
 on, the first Thing we are to go upon, after
 the necessary Preparation for maintaining the War
 we are enter'd into against the Beast, is a Bill to
 prevent this *Occasional Conformity*, if we would not
 be wanting to our selves and our Posterity,

The Honour of our Sovereign, is the next Thing
 we are to consider of; and that cannot be better ad-
 vanc'd and supported, than by a strict Enquiry after
 such Animadversions upon Persons who have any
 way lessen'd and impair'd it, by pretending to di-
 rect to the supream Authority, and elbow them-
 selves, unsent for, into the Presence of their Queen
 in her Closet-Retirements. Another Way of main-
 taining her Honour, is, making Use of that Quick-
 ness and Dispatch in our Deliberations, that we
 may enable her to bring her and our Enemies to
 reason; and by that Means have the Glory of gi-
 ving Peace to the Birds and Beasts who have so
 long stood in need of it.

The last Particular, is, the Interest and Advan-
 tage of the Kingdom; which cannot be better and
 more effectually brought to pass, than by stating
 and examining the publick Accounts, by which
 means we shall attain to the Knowledge of the Debts
 of the Nation, and be appriz'd of such Whore's Birds
 who any Ways misapply'd its Treasure, whom we
 are bound in Duty to prosecute with the utmost Se-
 verity. For 'tis but Justice to the winged People,
 whom we represent, to make them Eye-Witnesses
 of their Punishment, for converting what was gi-
 ven for the Publick Service, for their private, that
 they may be the readier to give again what is wan-
 ting for carrying on the War this ensuing Year.
 And now is the only Time to go thro' with what
 I propos'd to you, since our Sovereign is now re-
 as'd from her evil Counsellors, and her People
 has been thereby brought to make Choice of such
 Patriots

Patriots to represent them, as may never again sit in the Assembly, should our Enemies again get Ground of us.

I remember a *Swallow* of my Acquaintance, and you all know that Bird is remarkable for Foresight and Prudence, saw a Fellow once sowing Hemp-Seed, and by several other Birds that were in her Company, observed what that Country-man was a doing; for 'tis from the very Seed, said he, that Hemp and Flax are produced which the Fowler makes his Nets of; wherefore all be upon your Guard, and, by Way of Prevention, pick it up without Hesitation, before it takes Root. But none of them would take his Council at that Time, or lend an Ear for the Sake of their common Safety. In short, the Business was delay'd, from Time to Time, till this Seed took Root, and then again till it had shot it self up to the Blade, and was almost ripe. At Sight of this, the *Swallow* once for all told them, 'twas not too late to prevent what would unavoidably happen, would they bestir themselves hastily, and go to work upon it in Earnest; but to as little Purpose as before, not a Whores Bird of them, but gave him a Hearing; and that was all. When the *Swallow* thought it high Time to take Leave of his old obstinate Companions, and retir'd from Woods and Fields, into Cities and Towns. Now, this Hemp and Flax was in Process of Time work'd up into Nets, and the *Swallow* had the Fortune to see most of them brought Prisoners into the Tower where he liv'd; when the foolish Birds, grown wiser by their Misfortunes, were frighted into a Sense of those wholesome Precautions they ought to have taken; but it was too late, since they could not be brought to these Reflexions, till all Hopes of Liberty were lost. It is too plain a Story now to need an Application; but, God be thank'd, that's all over.



E N D